

Living, Austria.  
Sunday, 5 August 1945.

Florence, Dearest:

As much as I have to spend these moments with you it is difficult to try to write a letter to-night. Another day has come and gone, and still no letters from anyone. No one in the battalion received any mail, although a few packages did come through. No one can offer an explanation, and all of us are sitting around with long faces wondering when we will hear from our loved ones. It is not that I am worried about you, Jim, or the folks, but those letters of yours have become a daily dose of vitamins for me, and I need those doses as so much. I didn't write much last night for the same reason plus a few glasses of wine, but to-day I am even at a greater loss for subjects and words. I need hardly add how much I love, adore, and miss you, my pretty, darling, but since those thoughts are ever present in my mind I'll start by revealing this secret to you. I have no idea how much longer we'll be apart in fact, but in spirit, honey, we are as close as two lanes can be. I'm happy and proud to be apart of you, and some day, soon I hope, the parts will be one. Keep smiling, sweetheart, chin high, and tempus will fugit as it always has.

I was on duty until 5 P.M., but did nothing but read July 1st edition of Times, Newsweek, Readers Digest, and wrote the folks and Frank. At that time to-day our dinner (lunch) something was added. To keep us enjoy our meal we now have a 5 piece orchestra, playing Viennese music during the meal. For lunch we had fried chicken, rice, string beans, tea, bread, butter, jam and burned butter, pudding. However, the people gathered outside the doors, whom which we pass to discard our scraps and wash our mess gear outdoors, neatly ganged up as each GI came out. As I think back (it is now 8.30 P.M.) how each pit was piled to over flow with burned pudding, chicken bones, scraps of bread I must smile. Each person was eating this slop with their hands, some of which have not seen soap in weeks. They are homeless, darling, but hungry. We have armed guards around, but no one is really hard enough to drive them away. It's a pity to watch the women and kids, and I walk out at breakfast time with 3 angels.

The weather was lovely to-day. After 5 P.M. I walked down to the bath house (showers) near the Stambel with no intention to eat supper. However after showering I felt a bit hungry so I stopped in to an infantry unit right near the



bath-Tub, requested permission to sit with the soldiers, and they proceeded to feed me the following supper: Creamed chicken, rice, string beans, bread, butter, jam, tea, and canned pineapple. I missed with sliced peaches. A prima refect, but no cast in the food. Luckily I found some in the ~~back~~ kitchen. Then I slowly meandered back to headquarters to write you. Couldn't go to the movie since I saw the picture last Saturday.

The enclosed snaps were taken in Nuremberg, and give you a rough idea of what the Reichs Frauen Stadium looks like. Hitler used to make his tirades against the women from this place, and in one snap you can see me standing in the spot he used to yell from. Plenty more pictures to send, and will forward them in early letters. Write the folks to-day, also enclosing snapshots. Under separate cover today I sent you Frank's letter dated July 5th, envelope #5 containing stamps, and envelope #3 containing negatives. Please advise when received. Also acknowledge #35. - Money order mailed to you on August 3rd.

Hope you and Jim are doing doing fine. Be sure to advise when you intend departing from the Country so that I can direct my mail to Brooklyn in due time. Give my love to your mother and my folks, give my love with all my love and kisses, and I'll kiss you in mind with all my love and kisses, and I'll kiss you in mind with all my love and kisses. Be sure to forward the few items I requested in previous letters. Happy days and nights will be ours, soon, sweetheart, so be of good cheer as ever,

George



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